

PR
VI
A
1879-1

GRAND CONCERT

— BY THE —

VICTORIA

CHORAL SOCIETY

— ASSISTED BY THE —

Amateur Orchestra,

— AT —

PHILHARMONIC HALL,

— ON —

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 18th JUNE, 1879.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30 O'CLOCK; COMMENCE AT 8.

Colonist Steam Presses.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Polonaise, ... "Shere Ali," Amateur Orchestra

Chorus, ... "March in Norma," Bellini

Gallant hearts all pure with love you're bounding, Onward press ye bravely forward to the fight;
For hearts and home, for honour bright. Now the glorious sun breaks thro' the shades of night,
On to the battle the clarion loud is sounding, Wait ye not but follow on when danger rises!
Comrades come where the shot and shell surprises, Sorrow reigneth not when honour calls us there.
CHORUS—Honour calls, calls us there, Honour calls, comrades, honour calls us there, etc.

Patriot souls mount your steeds, all are neighing, Forward rush ye bravely onward to the field;
Your country calls, the foe must yield. Now the glorious cause high Heav'n itself will shield,
Giving blessing to all hearts therein staying, Doubt ye not but press ye on while Heaven steereth!
Comrades press on the brave soul never feareth, Sword of God, himself invincible, ye will.

Part Song, ... "On t' e Banks of Allan Water."

On the banks of Allan Water, When the sweet spring-time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter, Fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her, And a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan Water None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water, When brown autumn spreads its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter, But she smil'd no more.
For the summer grief had brought her, And the soldier, false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water None was sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water, When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter; Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter, Both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water There a corpse lay she.

Spanish Serenade, (vocal accompaniment)

Chorus, ... "Men of Harlech," Arranged by Brinley Richards

Men of Harlech, march to glory, Victory is hov'ring o'er ye,
Bright-eyed freedom stands before ye, Hear ye not her call?
At your sloth she seems to wonder Rend the sluggish bonds asunder,
Let the war-cry's deafning thunder, Ev'ry foe appal.
Echoes loudly waking, Hill and valley shaking;
Till the sound spreads wide around, The Saxon's courage breaking;
Forward press with heart unfailing, 'Till invaders learn with quailing,
Cambria ne'er can yield.
Thou who noble Cambria wrongest, Know that freedom's cause is strongest,
Freedom's courage lasts the longest, Ending but with death!
Freedom countless hosts can scatter, Freedom stoutest mail can shatter,
Freedom thickest walls can batter, Fate is in her breath.
See, they now are flying! Dead are leaped with dying;
Over might hath triumph'd right, Our land to foes denying;
Upon their soil we never sought them, Love of conquest hither brought them,
But this lesson we have taught them, "Cambria ne'er can yield."

Song, ... "Sweetheart's Song," Sullivan

Duet, (1st and 2nd bass) "Could a Man be Secure," Godwin

Chorus, ... "On yonder rock reclining," Fra Diavolo

And selection from "Martha." Flotow

On yonder rock reclining, That fierce and swarthy form behold,
Fast his hands his carbine hold, 'Tis his best friend of old!
This way his steps inclining, His scarlet plume waves o'er his brow!
And his velvet cloak hangs low, Playing in careless flow.

CHORUS—Tremble! E'en while the storm is beating, Afar, hear echo repeating,
"Diavolo, Diavolo, Diavolo!" etc.

Altho' his foes waylaying, He fights with rage and hate combin'd,
Tow'rd's the gentle fair, they find He's ever mild and kind!
The maid, too, heedless straying, (For one, we Pietro's daughter know,)
Home returns full sad and slow, What can have made her so?

See what grace they shew in mien and bearing, Of our sport we'll gaily, gaily see the end;
Tho' in such a rustic garb appearing, Naught their port or language could amend;

See what grace they shew in mien and bearing, Of our sport we'll gaily, gaily see the end;
CHORUS—Tho' in such a rustic garb appearing, Naught their port or language could amend.

Ev'ry charm of woman's beauty sharing, None on earth, go seek, go seek from end to end,
Who with these in grace could bear comparing! At their feet let us both humbly bend;
Ev'ry charm of woman's beauty sharing, None on earth, go seek, go seek from end to end.

PROGRAMME.

PART SECOND.

Overture, . . . "Orlando Palandrino," . . . Amateur Orchestra

Chorus, . . . "Huntsman's Chorus," . . . Der Freischutz

What equals on earth the delight of the huntsman, For whom does life's cup so enchantingly flow?
To follow the stag thro' the forest and meadow, when brightly the beams of the morning first glow.
Oh, this is a pleasure that's worthy of princes, And health in its wanderings can ever be found;
When echoing caverns and forests surround us, More gaily the pledge of the goblet will sound!
Chorus—Then hark! follow, hark! etc.

The light of Diana illumines our forest, The shades where in summer we often retreat;
Nor then's the fell wolf in his covert securest, The bear from his lair then is laid at our feet.

Song, . . . "Ye pretty Birds," . . . Gumbert

Part Song, . . . "Morning Prayer," . . . Mendelssohn

Deep silence reigns! mine ear attending, Catcheth no sound of joy or mirth!
The woods alone in reverence bending, As though God walked upon the earth.

I seem as though anew created, No sorrow now nor want is mine!
What yesterday my soul elated, To-day I would with joy resign.

The world with all its gains and losses, To me is but the pilgrims road,
That o'er life's troubled river crosses, To guide me on to Thee, O God!

Chorus, . . . "Song of the Triton," . . . Molloy

Once on a time, so I've been told, There lived a fisher's daughter,
Who lov'd, they said, a Triton bold, Who came up from the water:
Oft in his hands a net he'd hold, In rising and in sinking,
Shining with coral, pearl and gold, Which he kept ever clinking.

Chorus—Clinkety clink, clink, clinkety clink, etc.

Come dwell with me, the Triton said, And laugh'd a smile so sunny.
Yes, I will come, the maid replied, For love and not for money;
Then she leapt in, and of her fate, No one amongst her kin knows,
Thus was the fish-girl married to the Triton 'mongst the minnows.

Duet, (two pianos) . . . "La Mulette," . . . Auber

Glee, . . . "Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind," . . . Stevens

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude, as man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude, although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh ho, the holly, the holly, This life is most jolly, most jolly,
This life is most jolly, most jolly, this life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot, as benefits forgot.
Tho' thou the water warp, Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not, as friend remembered not.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.